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To David Laing Esq  
with W. Atterson's best Compl<sup>ts</sup>

293 **Curious.**—Micro-Cynicon, Sixe Snarling Satyres, 1599, 12mo, a reprint, one of twelve copies only, by Atterson, half roan, 5s 6d



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**A.**



*Micro - cynicon*

# SIXE SNAR-

ling Satyres.

|           |                  |
|-----------|------------------|
| Infatiat  | <i>Cron.</i>     |
| Prodigall | <i>Zodon.</i>    |
| Infolent  | <i>Superbia.</i> |
| Cheating  | <i>Droone.</i>   |
| Ingling   | <i>Pyander.</i>  |
| Wife      | <i>Innocent.</i> |

*Adfts pulcher homo canis hic tibi  
pulcher emendo.*



Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede,  
for Thomas Bushell, and are to be sold  
at his shop at the North doore of  
Paules Church. 1599.



**(Twelve Copies.)**



*His defiance to Envy.*

**E***Nvy*, which makft thy felfe in common guife  
To haunt deferuers, and to hunt defarts,  
Hard - foft, cold - hot, well - euill, foolish - wife,  
Miffe contrarities agreeing parts.

Auant I fay, ile anger thee inough,  
And fold thy firy - eyes in thy fmaskie fnufe.

Defiance,

A 3





*His defiance to Envy.*

Defiance, resolution, and neglects,  
True trine of barres against thy false assault,  
Defies, resolves defiance, and rejects  
Thy interest to claime the smallest fault.

Thou lawlesse landlady, poore Prodigall,  
Sowre solace Credits cracke,  
Feares Festiuall.

More





*His defiance to Envy.*

More angry Satyr - dayes ile muster vp,  
Then thou canst challenge letters in thy name :  
My Negrum true borne inck no more shall sup,  
Thy stayned blemish, charracterd in blame.

My pens two nebs shall turne unto a forke,  
Chafing old *Envy* from so young a worke :  
I but the Authors mouth bid thee auant,  
He more defies thy Hate, thy hunt, thy haunt.

*T. M. Gent.*

A 4





# THE AUTHORS PRO- LOGUE.

*1 Booke.*

**D**ismounted from the hie aspiring hils,  
Which the all emptie airie Kingdome fil,  
Leauing the scorching mountains threatning heuen  
From whence fel fierie rage my soule hath driuen :  
Passing the downe steepe vallies all in hast,  
Haue tript it through the woods : and now at last

Am





Am vaild with a stonie sanctuarie,  
To faue my Ire stuf soule leaft it miscarie :  
From threatning stormes ore'turning veritie,  
That shames to see truthes refined puritie ;  
Those open plains, those hie skie kissing mounts,  
Wher huffing winds cast vp their airy accounts,  
Were too too open, shelter yeelding none,  
So that the blafts did tyrannize vpon

The

A 5





*The Authors Prologue.*

The naked Carcasse of my heauie soule  
And with their furie all my all controule,  
But now enuiron'd with a brazen Tower,  
I little dread their stormie raging power :  
Witnesse this blacke defying Embassie,  
That wanders them beforne in maieftie :  
Vndaunted of their bugbare threatning words,  
Whose proud aspiring vaunts, time past records,

Now





*The Authors Prologue.*

Now windie Parasites or the slaues of wine,  
That wind from al things saue the truth diuine,  
Winde, turne, and tosse into the depth of spight,  
Your diuellish venome cannot me affright :  
It is a Cordiall of a Candie taste,  
He drinke it vp, and then let't run at waste,

Whole







*The Authors Prologue.*

Whose drugie Lees mixt with the liquid flood  
Of muddy fell defiance as it flood,  
Ile belch into your throates all open wide,  
Whose gaping swallow nothing runs beside :  
And if it venome, take it as you list :  
He spights himselfe, that spights a Satyrift.

THE





# THE FIRST BOOKE.

*Infatiat Cron.*

*Satyre 1.*

*Cur eget indignus quisquam, te diuine.*

**T**ime was, when down declining toothlesse age,  
Was of a holy and diuine pefage:  
Diuining prudent aud foretelling truth,  
In facred points, instructing wandring youth.  
But oh detraction of our latter daies,  
How much from veritie this age estraies!

**B**

**Raunging**



*Satyre 1.*

Raunging the bryerie delartes of blacke fin,  
Seeking a dismall caue to reuell in.  
This latter age or member of that time,  
Of whom my snarling muse now thundreth rime  
Wandred the brackes vntil a hidden Cell,  
He found at length, and still therein doth dwell :  
The house of gain insatiat it is,  
Which this hore aged pesant deemes his blifs.  
Oh that desire might hunt amongst that fur,  
It should go hard but he would loose a cur :  
To rowse the fox, hid in a bramble bush,  
Who frighteth conscience with a wrimouth'd push :  
But what need I to wish or would it thus,  
When I may find him starting at the burs :  
Where he infected other pregnant wits,  
Making them Coheires to his damned fits.  
There may you see this writen faced masse,  
Of rotten mouldring clay, that prating asse :  
That riddles wonders, meete compact of lies,  
Of heauen, of hell, of earth and of the skies .

Of



*Satyre 1.*

Of heauen thus he reasons : heauen theres none,  
Vnlesse it be within his mantion.  
Oh there is heauen : why ? because theres gold,  
That from the late to this last age controld,  
The massie scepter of Earthes heauenly round,  
Exiling forth her filuer pauer bound,  
The Leaders, brethren, brazen counterfets,  
That in this golden age contempt begets ;  
Vaunt then I mortall I, I onely King,  
And golden God of this eternall being.  
*Of Hell Cymerian thus Auarus* reasons :  
Though hell be hot, yet it obserueth seasons ;  
Hauing within his Kingdome residence,  
Ore which his godhead hath preheminance :  
An obscure angell of his Heauen it is,  
Wherein's containd that Hell deuouring blis :  
Into this Hell sometimes an Angell fals,  
Whose white aspect black forlorne soules appals,  
And that is when a Saint beleeuing gold,  
Old in that heauen, yong, in being old.

B 2

Falls



*Satyre 1.*

Falls headlong downe into that pit of woe,  
Fit for such damned creatures ouerthrow.  
To make this publicke that obfcured lies,  
And more apparant vulgar fecrecies :  
To make this plaine, harfh vnto common wits,  
Simplicities in common iudgement fits.  
This down - caft angell, or declining faint,  
Is greedy *Croone*, when *Cron* makes his compt :  
For his poore creditors falne to decay,  
Being bankerouts, take heeles and run away.  
Then franticke *Cron*, gald to the very hart,  
In fome by corner playes a diuels part :  
Repining at the losse of fo much pelfe,  
And in a humor goes and hangs himfelfe.  
So of a faint, a diuell *Cron* is made,  
The diuel lou'd *Cron*, and *Cron* the diuels trade.  
Thus may you fee such angels often fall,  
Making a working day a feftiuall.  
Now to the third point of his deities,  
And that's th' earth, thus reasons credulities :  
Credulous



*Satyre 1.*

Credulous *Cron*, *Cron* credulous in all,  
Sweares that his kingdome is in generall.  
As he is Regent of this Heauen and Hell,  
So of the Earth, all others hee'le expell :  
The Skies at his dispose, the Earth his owne,  
And if *Cron* please, all must be ouerthrowne.  
*Cron*, *Cron*, aduise thee *Cron* with the copper nose,  
And be not rulde so much by false suppose :  
Least *Crons* professing holinesse turne euil,  
And of a false god, proue a perfect diuil.  
I prithee *Cron* find out some other talke,  
Make not the Burse a place for spirits to walke :  
For doubtlesse if thy damned lies take place,  
Destruccion followes, farwell sacred grace.  
Th' Exchange for goodly Merchants is appointed,  
Why not for me sayes *Cron*, & mine anointed ?  
Can Marchants thriue and not the Vse'r nie ?  
Can Marchants liue without my companie ?  
No *Cron* helps all, and *Cron* hath help from none,  
What others haue is *Crons*, & *Crons* his owne.



*Satyre 1.*

And *Cron* will hold his owne, or't shal go hard,  
The diuel helpe him for a small reward :  
The diuels helpe, oh tis a mightie thing,  
If he but say the word, *Cron* is a King.  
Oh then the diuel is greater yet then hee :  
I thought as much, the diuell would master bee.  
And reason too (saith *Cron*) for what care I,  
So I may liue as God, and neuer die.  
Yea golden *Cron*, death will make thee away,  
And each dog *Cron*, must haue a dying day.  
And with this resolution I bequeath thee  
To God, to the diuel, and so I leaue thee.

*Satyre 2.*



Satyre 2.

Prodigall *Zodon*.

**W**Ho knowes not *Zodon*; *Zodon*, what is he?  
The true borne child of insatietie.  
If true borne, when? if borne at all say where?  
Where conscience beg'd in worst time of the yeare;  
His name yong Prodigall, son to greedy gaine,  
Let bloud by folly, in a contrary vaine.  
For scraping *Cron*, seeing he needs must die,  
Bequeathed all to Prodigallitie.  
The will once p'rou'd, and he possesse of all,  
Who then so gallant as yong Prodigall?  
Mounted aloft on flattering *Fortunes* wings,  
Where like a Nightingale secure he sings;  
Floating on Seas of scarce prosperitie,  
In girt with pleasures sweete tranquillitie.  
Sute vpon sute, fatten too too base,  
Veluet laid on with gold or siluer lace:  
A meane man doth become, but yee must ride  
In cloth of fyned gold, and by his side





*Satyre 2.*

Two footmen at the leaft, with choife of fteeds,  
Attired when ſhe rides in gorgeous weeds.  
*Zodon* muſt haue his Charrot gilded ore,  
And when he triumphes, fower bare before,  
In pure white Satten to vſher out his way,  
To make him glorious on his progreſſe day.  
Vaile bonnet he that doth not paſſing by,  
Admiring on that Sunne inriching ſkie,  
Two dayes incag'd at leaſt in ſtrongeſt hold,  
Storme he that liſt, he ſcornes to be control'd.  
What is it lawfull that a mounted begger,  
May vncontrolled thus beare ſway and ſwagger?  
A baſe borne iſſue of a baſer ſyer,  
Bred in a cottage, wandring in the myer,  
With nailed ſhooes, and whipſtaffe in his hand,  
Who with a hey and ree the beaſts command :  
And being ſeuē years practizede in that trade,  
At ſeuē yeares end by *Tom* a iourneyes made,  
Vnto the Citie of faire *Troynouant*,  
Where through extremitie of need and want

Hees



*Satyre 2.*

Hees forc't to trot with fardle at his backe,  
From house to house, demanding if they lacke  
A poore yong man that's willing to take paine,  
And mickle labour, though for little gaine.  
Well, some kind *Trojan* thinking he hath grace,  
Keepes him himselfe or gets some other place.  
The world now God be thanked 's wel amended,  
Want that erewhile did want, is well befrended,  
And scraping *Cron* hath got a world of welth,  
Now what of that, *Cron's* dead, wher's al his pelf?  
Bequeathed to yong prodigall: Thats well,  
His God hath left him, and he's fled to hell:  
See goulden toules, the end of ill got gaine,  
Reade and marke well, to do the like refraine.  
This youthful gallant like the prince of pleasure,  
Floting on golden seas of earthly treasure,  
Treasure ill got by miniftring of wrong,  
Made a faire show, but endured not long:  
Ill got, worse spent, gotten by deceit,  
Spent on laciuous wantons which await



*Satyre 2.*

And hourelly expect such prodigallitie,  
Lust breathing leachers giuen to venerie.  
No day expired but *Zodon* hath his trull,  
He hath his tyt, and she likewise her gull.  
Gull he, Trull she, oh tis a gallant age,  
Men may haue hacknyes of good carriage :  
Prouided that their rayne a golden shower,  
Then come whose will, at th' appointed hower.  
Hower me no howers, howers breake no square,  
Where gold doth raigne, be sure to find them there.  
Well : *Zodon* hath his pleasure, he hath gold,  
Young in his golden age, in sin too old :  
Now he wants gold, all his treasures done,  
Hees banished the Stewes, pittie finds none.  
Rich yesterday in wealth, this day as poore,  
To morrow like to beg from doore to doore,  
See youthfull spendthrifts all your brauery,  
Euen in a moment turnd to misery.

*Satyre 3.*

*Satyre 3.*

*Insolent Superbia.*

**L**ift ye profane faire painted images,  
Predestinated by the deffenies,  
At your first being to fall eternallie  
Into *Cymerian* black obscuritie.  
Ilfaouered Idols, Pride anatomic,  
Foule coloured puppets, balls of infamie :  
Whome zealous foules do racket too and fro,  
Sometimes aloft ye flie, otherwhiles below :  
Banded into the ayres loofe continent.  
Where hard vpbearing winds hold parlement.  
For such is the force of downe declining sin,  
Where our short feathered peacockes wallow in,  
That when sweete motions yrge them to aspire,  
They are so bathed ore by sweete desire  
In the odiferous fountaine of sweete pleasure,  
Wherein delight hath all embalmed her treasure :  
I meane where Sin the mistris of disgrace,  
Hath residence, and her abiding place.

And



*Satyre 3.*

And fin though it be foule, yet faire in this,  
In being painted with a show of blis.  
For what more happie creature to the eie,  
Then is *Superbia* in her brauerie ?  
Yet who more foule difrobed of attire ?  
Perld with the botch as children burnt with fire,  
That for their outward cloake vpon the skin,  
Worfer enormities abound within.  
Looke they to that, truth tels them there amis,  
And in this glasse, all telling truth it is.  
When welcome Spring had the hils in green,  
And pretty whistling birds where heard and seen,  
*Superbia* abrode gan take her walke,  
With other peacocks for to finde her talke.  
*Kyron* that in a bush lay closely couched,  
Heard all their chat, and how it was auouched :  
Sister sayes one, and softly packt away,  
In what faire company did you dine today ?  
Mongst gallant dames, & then she wipes her lips,  
Placing both hands vpon her whalebone hips,

Puft



*Satyre 3.*

Puft vp with a round circling farthingale :  
That done, she gins go forward with her tale :  
Sitting at table caru'd of walnut tree,  
All couered with damaskt naperie,  
Garnisht with faults of pure beaten gould,  
Whose siluer plated edge of rarest mould,  
Mou'd admiration in my searching eie,  
To see the goldsmiths ritche artificie.  
The Butlers placing of his manchets white,  
The plated cupboard for our more delight,  
Whose goulden bewty glauncing from on hie,  
Illuminated other chambers nie.  
The slowly pacing of the seruing men,  
Which were appointed to attend vs then,  
Holding in either hand a siluer dish,  
Of costly cates of farfetcht daintie fish,  
Vntill they do approch the table nye,  
Where the appointed couer carefully  
Dischargeth them of their full freighted hands,  
Which instantly vpon the table stands.

The



Satyre 3.

The musicke sweet which al that while did found,  
Rauish the hearers and their sence confound.  
This done, the master of that sumptuous feast,  
In order gins to place his welcome gest ;  
*Bewtie* first seated in a throne of state,  
Vnmatchable disdaining other mate  
Shone like the sun, wheron mine eies stil gazed,  
Feeding on her perfections that amazed :  
But oh, her filuer framed Coronet  
Wirh lowe downe dangling spangles all beset,  
Her sumptuous perewig, her curious curles,  
Her hie prizde necklace of entrained perles :  
Her pretious Iewels wondrous to behold,  
Her basest Iem framde of the purest gold :  
Oh I could kill mytelfe for very spight,  
That my dim stars giue not so cleere a light.  
Hartburning ire new kindled, bids dispaire,  
Since *Bewtie* liues in her, and I want faire.  
Oh that I dyde in youth, or not bin borne,  
Rather then liue in hate, and dye forlorne ;

And



*Satyre 3.*

And dye I will : therewith she drew a knife  
To kill herselfe, but *Kyron* tau'd her life.  
See heere proud puppets hie aspiring euils,  
Scarce any good, most of you worfe then diuels ;  
Excellent in ill, ill in aduising well,  
Wel in thats worst, worfe then the worst in hell.  
Hell is starke blind, so blind most women bee :  
Blinde & not blind when they should not see.  
Fine Madam *Tiptoes* in her veluet gowne,  
That quotes her paces in Characters downe :  
Valuing each step that she hath made that day,  
Worth twenty shillings in her best aray,  
And why forfooth some little durty spot  
Hath fell vpon her gowne or petticote,  
Perhaps that nothing much, or something little,  
Nothing in maines view, in hers a mickle,  
Doth thereon surfet, and some day or two  
Shees passing sick, and knowes not what to do.  
The poore handmaid seeing her misfris wed  
To frantick sicknes, wishes she were dead :

Or





*Satyre 3.*

Or that her diuillish tyranizing fits  
May mend, and she enioy her former wits.  
For whilst that *Helth* thus counterfets not well,  
Poore here at hand, liues in the depth of hell.  
Wher is this baggadge, wher's this girle, what ho!  
(Quoth she) was euer woman troubled so?  
What hufwife *Nan*, and then she gins to brall,  
Then in comes *Nan*, sooth misfris did you call?  
Out on the queane, now by the liuing God,  
And then she strikes & on the wench layes load.  
Poore filly maide with finger in the eye,  
Sighing and sobbing takes all patiently.  
Nimble Affection stung to the very hart,  
To see her fellow mate susteine such smart,  
Flies to the Burse gate for a match or two,  
And salues th'amis, there is no more to do.  
Quickfooted kindnes, quick as it selfe thought,  
With that wel pleasing newes but lately bought,  
By loues affiduat care and industry,  
Into the Chamber runs immediatly.

Where



*Satyre 3.*

Where she vnclades the fraight of sweet content,  
The hagler pleas'd doth rise incontinent.  
Then thought of sicknes is not thought vpon,  
Care hath no being in her mation,  
But former peacocke pride, grand insolence,  
Euen in the highest thought hath residence.  
But it on tiptoe stands, well: what of that?  
It is more prompt to fall and ruinate,  
And fall it will when deaths shrill clamrous bell,  
Shall summon you vnto the depth of hell:  
Repent proude Princocks, cease for to aspire,  
Or dye to liue, with Pride in burning fire.

C

*Satyre 4.*



Satyre 4.

Cheating *Droone.*

**T**Here is a Cheater by profession,  
That takes more shapes than the *Camelion*.  
Sometimes he iets, it in a black furd gowne,  
And that is, when he harbours in the towne.  
Sometimes a cloake to mantle hoary age,  
Il fauored like an ape in spightful rage :  
And then he walks in Paules a turne or two,  
To see by Cheating what his wit can do.  
Perhaps heele tell a Gentleman a tale,  
Will cost him twenty angels in the sale :  
But if he know his purse well linde within,  
And by that meanes he cannot finger him,  
He'le proffer him such far fet curtesie,  
That shortly in a Tauerne neighbring by,  
He hath encag'd the silly Gentleman,  
To whom he proffers seruice all he can.  
Sir, I perceiue you are of gentle blood  
Therefore I will, our Cates be new and good :

For



*Satyre 4.*

For well I wot, the Country yeeldeth plenty,  
And as they diuers be, so are they dainty.  
May it please you then awhile to rest you merry,  
Some Cates I will make choise of and not tarry.  
The filly Cunny blith and merrily,  
Doth for his kindnes thanke him hartily.  
Then hies the Cheater very hastily,  
And with some Pesant where he is in fee  
Iugles, that dinner being almost ended,  
He in a matter of weight may then be frended.  
The Pesant for an angell then in hand,  
Will do what ere his worship shall command :  
And yeelds, that when a reckoning they call in,  
To make reply ther's one to speake with him.  
The plot is laid, now comes the Cheater back,  
And calls in hast for such things as they lack :  
The table fraighted with all dainty Cates,  
Hauing well fed, they fall to pleasant chates :  
Discourfing of the mickle difference,  
Twixt perfit truth and painted eloquence.



*Satyre 4.*

Plaine troth that harbours in the country fwain,  
The Cunny stands defendant, the Cheaters vain  
Is to vphold an eloquent smooth toong  
To be truths Orator righting eury wrong :  
Before the caufe concluded tooke effect,  
In comes a crew of fiddling knaues abiect,  
The very refuse of that rabble rout,  
Halfe shooes vpon their feet torne round about,  
Saue little Dicke the dapper finging knaue,  
He had a thread bare coate to make him braue :  
God knowes scarce worth a tester, if it were  
Vallewed at most, of seuen it was too deere.  
Well take it as they list, shakerag came in,  
Making no doubt but they would like of him :  
And twere but for his person a pretty lad  
Well quallified, hauing a finging trade.  
Well so it was the Cheater must be merry,  
And he a song must haue, cald hey down derry.  
So Dick begins to sing, the fidler play,  
The melancholly Cunny replies, nay, nay :

No



*Satyre 4.*

No more of this : the tother bids play on,  
Tis good our spirits shuld something work vpon.  
Tut gentle Sir, be pleasant man (quoth he)  
Yours be the pleasure, mine the charge shall be.  
This do I for the loue of gentlemen,  
Hereafter happily if we meete agen,  
I shall of you expect like curtesie,  
Finding fit time and opportunitie :  
Or elte I were vngratefull, quoth the cunny,  
It shall go hard, but we wil find some mony.  
For some we haue, that some wel vfd gets more,  
And so in time we shall increase our store ;  
Meane time said he, imploy it to good vse,  
For time ill spent, doth purchase times abuse.  
With that more wine he calls for and intends,  
That either of them carouse all their friends :  
The cunny nods the head, yet sayes not nay,  
Because the other would the charge defray :  
The end tryes all, and here begins the iest,  
My gentleman betooke him to his rest.

C 3

Wine



*Satyre 4.*

Wine tooke possession of his drowfie head,  
And cheating *Droone* hath brought the foole to bed.  
The fidlers were ditchard, and al things whift,  
Then pilfring *Droone* gan vse him as he list.  
Ten pound he finds, the reckoning he doth pay,  
And with the residue passeth sheere away.  
Anon the Conny wakes, his coyne being gon,  
He exclaymes against diffimulation.  
But twas too late, the Cheater had his pray,  
Be wise young heads, care for an afterday.

*Satyre 5.*



Satyre 5.

Ingling *Pyander*.

**A** Ge hath his infant youth, old trees their sprigs,  
Ore spreading branches their inferior twigs :  
Old beldam hath a daughter or a sonne  
True borne, or illigitimate alls one :  
Issue she hath : the father? aske you mee ?  
The house wide open stands, her lodgings free :  
Admit my self for recreation  
Sometimes did enter her possession,  
It argues not that I haue bin the man,  
That first kept reuels in that mantian.  
No no, the hagling common place is old,  
The Tenement hath oft bin bought and sold :  
Tis rotten now, earth to earth, duft to duft,  
*Sodoms* on fire, and consume it must :  
And wanting second reparations,  
Pluto hath ceasd the poore reuertions.  
But that hereafter worlds may truly know,  
What hemlocks, & what rue there erst did grow :

C 4

As





Satyre 5.

As it is Sathans vsuall pollicie,  
He left an issue of like quallitie :  
The still memorial if I aime aright,  
Is a pale Chequered *Hermaphrodite* ;  
Sometimes he iets it like a Gentleman,  
Otherwhiles much like a wanton Curtesan :  
But truth to tell a man or woman whether,  
I cannot say thees excellent in ether.  
But if report may certifie a truth  
Shees nether of ether, but a Cheating youth.  
Yet *Troynouant* that all admired towne,  
Where thousands still do trauell vp and downe,  
Of Bewties counterfets affords not one,  
So like a louely smiling parragon,  
As is *Pyander* in a Nymphes attire,  
Whose rowling eye sets gazers harts on fire :  
Whose cherry lip, black brow & smiles procure  
Luft burning buzzards to the tempting lure.  
What shall I cloake fin with a coward feare,  
And suffer not *Pyanders* fin appeare ?



Satyre 5.

I will I will : your reason ? why, Ile tell,  
Because time was, I loued *Pyander* well :  
True loue indeed, wil hate loues black defame,  
So loathes my soule to seeke *Pyanders* shame.  
Oh but I feele the worme of conscience sting,  
And fummons me vpon my soule to bring  
Sinfull *Pyander* into open viewe,  
There to receiue the shame that will ensue.  
Oh this sad passion of my heauie soule,  
Torments my heart, and fences do controule :  
Shame thou *Pyander*, for I can but shame,  
The meanes of my amisse, by thy meanes came :  
And shall I then procure eternall blame,  
By secret cloaking of *Pyanders* shame,  
And he not blush ?  
By heauen I will not, Ile not burne in hell,  
For false *Pyander* though I lou'd him well :  
No no, the world shall know thy villany  
Least they be cheated with like rogerie.  
Walking the Cittie as my wonted vse,

C 5

There



*Satyre 5.*

There was I subiect to this foule abuse ;  
Troubled with many thoughts pacing along,  
It was my chance to shoulder in a throng,  
Thrust to the Channel I was, but crowding her,  
I tpide *Pyander* in a Nymphes attire :  
No Nymph more faire, then did *Pyander* seeme,  
Had not *Pyander*, then *Pyander* beene,  
No Lady with a fairer face more graced,  
But that *Pyanders* selfe, himtelfe defaced.  
Neuer was boy so pleasing to the hart,  
As was *Pyander* for a womans part :  
Neuer did woman foster such an other,  
As was *Pyander*, but *Pyanders* mo ther :  
Foole that I was in my affection,  
More happie I, had it beene a vision.  
So far entangled was my soule by loue,  
That force perforce, I must *Pyander* proue :  
The issue of which prooue did testifie,  
Ingling *Pyanders* damned villanie.  
I loued indeed, and to my mickle cost,

I



*Satyre 5.*

I loued *Pyander*, so my labour lost.  
Faire words I had for store of coyne I gaue,  
But not enioyde the fruite I thought to haue.  
Oh so I was befotted with her words,  
His words that no part of a she affords:  
For had he bene a she iniurious boy,  
I had not bene so subiect to annoy,  
A plague vpon such filthy gullery,  
The world was nere so drunke with mockery :  
Rash headed Caualeires learne to be wise,  
And if you needs will do, do with aduise :  
Tye not affection to each wanton smile,  
Least doting Fancie truest loue beguile :  
Trust not a painted puppet as I haue done,  
Who far more doted then *Pigmalion*.  
The streeetes are full of ingling parasites,  
With the true shape of Virgins counterfets :  
But if of force you must a hackney hire,  
Be curious in your choise, the best will tire :  
The best is bad, therefore hire none at all,  
Better to go on foot, then ride and fall.

*Satyre*



*Satyre 6.*

*Wife Innocent.*

**W**hy for an Innocent he : what a pure foole !  
Not fo (pure asse) asse, wher went you to schoole ?  
With Innocents, that makes the foole to prate :  
Foole will you any ? yes the foole shall hate.  
Wifedome what shal he haue ? the foole at least :  
Prouender for the asse ho : stalk vp the beast ;  
What shall we haue a railing Innocent ?  
No gentle gull, a wise mans president.  
Then forward wifdome, not without I list,  
Twentie to one, this foole's some Satirist,  
Stil doth the foole haunt me : fond foole be gon,  
No I will stay, the foole to gaze vpon.  
Well foole stay still, stil shall the foole stay ? no :  
Then pack simplicitie, good Innocent, why fo ?  
Nor go nor stay, what will the foole do then ?  
Vexe him that seemes to vexen all other men.  
It is impossible, streames that are bard their courtes,  
Swel with more rage, & far more greater force,

**Vntill**



*Satyre 6.*

Vntill there full stufte gorge a passage makes  
Into the wide mawes of more scopious lakes :  
Spight me ! not spight it selfe can discontent  
My steeled thoughts, or breed disparagement :  
Had pale fac't coward feare bene resident  
Within the bosome of me Innocent,  
I would haue housde me from the eyes of ire,  
Whose bitter spleen vomits forth flames of fire.  
A resolute Ass, oh for a spurring Rider ;  
A brace of Angels : what is the foole a briber ?  
Is not the Ass yet wearie of his load ?  
What with once bearing of the foole abroad ?  
Mount againe Foole : then the Ass will tire  
And leaue the Foole to wallow in the mire :  
Dost thou thinke otherwise ? good Ass then be gon,  
I stay but till the Innocent get on.  
What wilt thou needs of the foole bereaue mee ?  
Then pack good foolish Ass, & so I leaue thee.

*FINIS.*



*Epilouge to the laſt Satyre of the  
firſt booke.*

**T**Hus may we ſee by folly, oft the wiſe  
Stumble and fall into fooles paradise.  
For iocand wit of force muſt iangling bee,  
Wit muſt haue his will, and ſo had hee :  
Wit muſt haue his will, yet parting of the fray,  
Wit was enioynd to carrie the foole away.

*Qui Color albus erat, nunc eſt contrarius albo.*

*F I N I S.*



*The extraordinary rarity of this work may perhaps afford that justification for the very limited reprint of it, which its poetical merit would fail to offer.*

*Mr. Payne Collier in his Poetical Decameron, (l. 282 et seq.) has given a valuable Analysis of, and Critique on, this singular volume. The copy there alluded to is designated as unique; and in Mr. Heber's Copy, (which I apprehend was used by Mr. P. Collier) is a note by that gentleman to the same effect. That volume produced at Mr. Bindley's sale, £24! The above observations however, are not quite correct, as Mr. Malone also possessed a copy of the "Micro-cynicon" which is now in the Bodleian Library.*

*The work notwithstanding, possesses an additional interest as the production of one of our earliest (though unknown) Satirists and it may probably owe its present rarity to the greater part having been committed to the flames, under a Decree of the Hierarchy, with the infinitely more valuable volumes of Hall and Marston.*



**VERBOR NE HÆC FORTE NIMIS ANTIQUA, ET JAM  
OBSOLETA VIDEANTUR.** *Cicero in Verrem.*



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